

"Truth Is One, Men Call It By Various Names." —RIG VEDA

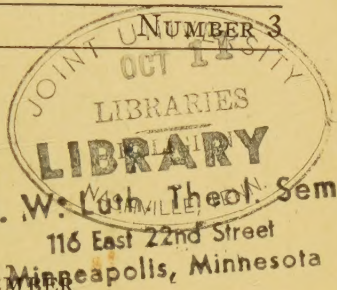
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Message of the East

"And behold the glory of the God of
Israel came from the way of the East."

—Ezekiel

"Light shall come again from the East."

—Tyndall

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INSPIRATION

by *Henry David Thoreau*

Whate'er we leave to God, God does,
and blesses us;
The work we choose should be our own,
God lets alone.

If with light head erect I sing,
Though all the muses lend their force,
From my poor love of anything,
The verse is weak and shallow as its source.

But if with bended neck I grope,
Listening behind me for my wit,
With faith superior to hope,
More anxious to keep back than forward it,

Making my soul accomplice there
Unto the flame my heart hath lit,
Then will the verse forever wear, —
Time cannot bend the line which God hath writ.

— from the poem *Inspiration*

UNIVERSAL MESSAGE

One must have childlike faith — and the intense yearning that a child feels to see its mother. That yearning is like the red sky in the east at dawn. After such a sky the sun must rise. Immediately after that yearning one sees God.

—*Sri Ramakrishna*

Just as the birds have their nests to which they can retreat and the stag shelters himself in the thick forest, seeking shade and refreshment when the summer is hot, even so, Philothea, should our hearts daily seek a resting place on Mount Calvary . . . or in some other spot close to Him, whither to retire on all occasions, there to rest from their worldly cares, and to find protection and strength against temptation. Happy the soul which can sincerely say to the Lord, "Thou art my House of defense, my strong Tower, my Shelter against the storm, and my Refuge against the heat."

—*St. Francis de Sales*

The soul gives itself, alone, original and pure, to the Lonely, Original and Pure, who, on that condition, gladly inhabits, leads and speaks through it. Then it is glad, young and nimble. It is not wise, but it sees through all things. It is not called religious, but it is innocent. It calls the light its own, and feels that the grass grows and the stone falls by a law inferior to, and dependent on, its nature. Behold, it saith, I am born into the great universal mind. I, the imperfect adore my own Perfect.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Religion is not merely believing and reasoning; it is being and becoming. A man may not have read a single book or may not believe in any creed, but if he has felt the Divine within himself he is religious.

—*Swami Nikhilananda*

INNER UNFOLDMENT

by Swami Paramananda

I

*Let us, in this hour of silence, lift our whole being to that
One who cannot be labeled by any name or form,
but who is truly our Divine Parent.*

*Let us draw our inspiration from that Divine Source—
the Source of all things!*

Truth alone conquers! Truth alone triumphs!

*Let us fasten our hearts to Truth—the Infinite, the un-
failing, the all-abiding!*

Let us be guided by the Spirit of Truth.

*In happiness and misery, in praise and blame, under all
circumstances, let us ever point our heart's devotion
into Truth!*

Thou art the Light of the universe!

Light Thou in our hearts an unfailing light

That it may guide us in all our thoughts and actions.

Lift us from the plane of darkness and ignorance

*That we may follow Thy path with unfaltering faith and
undaunted courage.*

Thou art the Giver of all strength.

Fill us with Thy Divine strength,

Make our hearts free from selfishness

And give us a true sense of consecration.

O Thou Bestower of light and wisdom,

Protect us from all evil

And keep us ever in peace.

Peace, peace, peace be unto us and to all living beings.

The real test of our spiritual wisdom comes when we are unexpectedly confronted with difficulties; then if our vision is a true vision, that is, not merely a mental con-

cept or something based on a superficial acceptance of some creed but actually of the spirit, it will sustain us no matter where we are placed or how we are placed. One who has genuine spiritual strength as his background is able not only to meet his difficulties but he transcends them. It is not that he manages merely to endure the adversities, the privations on his path, he exalts them, he glorifies them. The most difficult things that we can imagine he overcomes in this way because he has a real understanding of the Divine Principle.

The average person thinks that happiness can be procured by material means. Very seldom you meet a person who does not believe that if he has enough material resources in the way of possessions, a healthy body and all such things, his life will be very complete; but, of course, observation shows us that happiness cannot be bought. We may have in excess all the things we desire, but it does not safeguard our happiness. Often, on the contrary, it makes for discontent, not only for the individual but for others. It is the quality of one's mind that determines one's happiness. The man who has right understanding, it does not make any difference to him what the outward circumstance may be. If he finds himself in the midst of good fortune, he knows how to extend it and make it a beneficent power in the lives of those about him. If he is surrounded by what an average person thinks misfortune, that too is transformed into a blessing.

Perhaps you are inclined to say that these are very lovely, lofty poetic themes, but entirely beyond man's power to realize. But they have been realized: they have been illustrated in the lives of the spiritually great, and what one person has succeeded in doing others also can attain.

Spiritual life is not a cut and dried affair. That is where the majority of people blunder. They have a creed, and if they can recite the prescribed injunctions of that creed, they feel that they know it and that that is all that is necessary for them to know. Spirituality, however, lies in the unfoldment of that creed. There are numerous lovely sentiments throughout the spiritual history of mankind and recorded in all the Bibles, but they become a potent factor in human life and destiny only when they are lived. Genuine religion is a fact; it is a reality, and its power is so tremendous that nothing can thwart it, nothing can crush it; therefore our main object in life should be to cultivate it.

Yet how little heed we pay to these things; We cry out, "The world is in misery, sunk in ignorance and materialism!" But who makes it so? We do. We individuals make it the way it is. We speak of a whole nation, a whole country, a whole world, but who makes a country or a world? Humanity. Are we not parts, each one of us, of the whole, and is not that whole affected by what we think, what we cherish in our hearts? That is the reason wise men are willing to retire to a corner without noise, without any ostentation or desire to be noticed or recognized, and there think silently, live silently, act silently. They believe in the silent power of Truth so tremendously that they are willing to live and die, relying on that power. This is what it means to live a surrendered life. We become shallow because we live on shallow ideas and thoughts and never get below the surface. Even our religion becomes so superficial that it is only a lip-word, a sentiment. When, however, religion rises from deep down within a human soul, then that man who experiences it becomes the exponent of his faith to the world,

and the life of the world becomes manifested through him. The life of the world is moving everywhere, is pulsating everywhere; one who has learned to connect himself with the Supreme Reality has also connected himself with the world and with humanity.

When outer conditions seem to be depressing, the attitude of mind for us to hold is not one of depression. Rather we should seek to find a counteracting influence within ourselves. What is a counteracting influence? Suppose we have too much materialism, suppose we feel overpowered by ignorant conditions within us and outside of us, what will remedy it? Merely brooding over these things, even weeping over them with genuine feeling and compassion, is not going to do any good. The remedy lies in a positive approach, in finding and dwelling on the opposite condition. Truth conquers error, light overcomes darkness, strength overcomes weakness. How then may we strengthen ourselves? If our mind is blindfolded by the effect of materialism, how may we destroy that blindness? We destroy it by finding our access to things of the spirit. For as we seek to make our contact with the world of spiritual idealism, we realize more and more that it is not the creed or the dogma, not mere ritual or theory that is able to fortify the soul of man. It is the life. The man who lives even with a small ideal and is true to that ideal will find that he has accomplished something for himself first and afterwards for his fellow beings. The one follows the other. His life radiates. This is a fact we cannot overlook.

It is the life that counts. Man can create his own atmosphere to such an extent that he is able to overcome an alien atmosphere. For instance, a person who has excessive light within himself can conquer any dark condition

around him. One who has a cheerful heart not only is able to maintain his own equilibrium and buoyancy under depressing conditions, but radiates his spirit throughout a whole household. These are facts, the direct results of actual living and not just mere imagination. We become these things—full of faith, courage, hope and inspiration. Also we have the power to form habits of melancholy, leading to despondent, atheistic and skeptical states of mind.

This mind of ours plays a tremendous part in our destiny. We can either direct it through lofty channels (for every person has noble instincts) or we can do the opposite. The same mind which is capable of manifesting the highest aspirations is also capable of following that which is degrading.

Now one who has not the faith and who lacks the natural inclination to cling to the spiritual aspects of life may feel discouraged when he tries to gain access to his deeper nature. But let him be brave. Let him persevere and he will learn more and more to depend on his higher resources instead of depending on his muscles and upon bodily conditions. This will cause him to be a better man, a more useful man to the people around him. It is we who make ourselves ignorant, material; likewise we create our own spirituality. We spiritualize ourselves and we spiritualize our environment, for what we constantly think, feel and radiate is what creates the atmosphere in which we live.

Spirituality, therefore, is a living thing. You live it and then your life and your faith and the atmosphere that you create sustain you every moment. You become incapable of doing anything even unconsciously that is ignoble, because you have fortified yourself. Herein lies the power

of the devotional life. It is the life of devotion which makes our high ideals real, potent, natural, so that they saturate our whole being. Even automatically a true devotee is incapable of doing anything wrong, discordant or inharmonious. Every individual being has the power to form this habit of spiritualized living. We may begin by using our mind analytically. As the mind becomes stable at a higher point, however, as we gain our access to a loftier consciousness, it absorbs our interest and very soon the afflictions of the world and our material imperfections fall away. It is an extraordinary fact that what a person thinks today he cannot do, tomorrow he may do so well that he will almost doubt that he ever doubted himself, thought he was incapable of these higher things.

Habit can always destroy the wrong elements in our life. Therefore we see that the real seekers after Truth try to form certain habits, the habit of love of Truth, habit of love of service, habit of pure way of thinking. Thus they fortify themselves so tremendously that the afflictions of the world do not affect them. They indeed create what Lord Buddha calls an Island, a spiritual island, where no storm can overthrow them, no affliction of the material world can touch them; thus they are protected by their own spiritual power—self-resourceless, absolutely unarmed and uncalculating for their own protection, yet protected by a force which always protects, the spiritual Force. When we ally ourselves with Truth not only are we forever safeguarded, but we find our access to That through which we may be instrumental in bringing safety and protection to our fellow beings.

II

It is strange that when one has a great deal to say, one is powerless to say anything at all. So it is in regard to the

higher experiences of life. This may seem inconsistent. One would think the opposite would be true. What it really means is that as we know the deeper aspects of existence, as we realize the magnitude of life itself, we are very little inclined to make any noise, any show or outer ostentation. That is the reason why great souls are invariably silent in their bearing (even in their physical bearing). If you are a true observer you will notice how calm and composed they are, in the way they walk, in the way they talk, never impatient, nervous or excitable. They always exhibit the attributes of higher consciousness. If we are filled with noble thoughts, if through our mind we have penetrated deep into our inner being, we are not inclined to noisy expression. Emptiness of thought, emptiness of life produce a certain amount of unrest, first within and then in our outer activities. As soon, however, as we have found a connection with our innate Reality we at once become quiet.

Often I have given you Sri Ramakrishna's famous parable of the bees. The bees make a tremendous racket until they enter the fragrant heart of the flower, then they grow so absorbed in tasting of the nectar that all their buzzing ceases. Same way it is with our human nature. While we are seeking and struggling, we dispute, we challenge people and create a general atmosphere of unrest within ourselves and without. We radiate our state of mind even without knowing it. But once we have found something vital, deep and profound, our whole being is toned down, our body becomes quiet, our mind orderly and our thinking faculty quicker, subtler and more profound. As a result there is a general adjustment of the whole system. For that reason, silence, physical and mental, indicates inner advancement. Its practice gives us

bodily healthfulness, spiritual restoration and benefit along all lines.

You may say there are times when we lose hold of ourselves; we cannot control our nervous system, we cannot control our impatience, we yield to our moods, and all these things come in spite of ourselves. They do not come in spite of ourselves. They come as the result of our living, of our thoughts. If our mind is disorganized, and if our thoughts are disorderly they will invariably produce a disturbance in our system. Therefore, according to our mental state we shall experience either a noisy outer life or a life that is calm and peaceful.

The whole significance of spiritual living lies not so much in outer schooling, in knowledge of formulas and dogmas and in what the Bible says, as in the practical application of spiritual teachings. These become valuable to us only when our life and life's experience coincide with them.

We have all undoubtedly read — besides knowing instinctively and intellectually — that a certain amount of restfulness and silent bearing has a wonderful effect on the nervous system, on one's body and mind. Their practice, even in a small degree, produces something definite and dynamic within us. We become a power, a center of attraction from which the light radiates, giving us access to the hidden things of existence. For instance, there are many things hidden in nature. It is not that some omnipotent power deliberately hides them and keeps them away from us. They are hidden from us because we are not able to see, because our vision is distorted; it is not one-pointed enough to penetrate through in our hour of spiritual reflection, in our hour of absolute silence.

True silence comes when no turbulence, no distractions possess the mind, when it does not harbor any unkind, ignoble thought, and in consequence is just as still as a still lake. Every image that falls upon such a body of water is unbroken, clear. Same way it is when our mind and our heart are united, unified, made one in harmony. Then no matter what we reflect—small things, big things, all things—nothing is false, nothing is distorted. This way we gain a vision of Truth.

Some people, we find, go on very quietly; they do not seem to make any great effort, and yet their accomplishment is great; they do not seem to take any particular precaution to save themselves, yet they are always saved. There is no miracle about it. It comes from the adjustment of their lives to law and order. There are certain Laws that govern our life's destiny from within and without, and unless our life moves in rhythm with these, it is impossible to attain any genuine success.

In every effort we must always begin from the ground work of our life, which is within. When we harmonize and organize our inner life through thought, through spiritual ideas and ideals, we do not have to struggle so hard to maintain our outer freedom. When our life within is vibrant with higher idealism, then every action takes place in accordance with our ideal. Thus in the silence we go on evolving and manifesting our powers and possibilities.

There is a great deal that can be said on the subject of silence—on its theory and its advantages; but the greatest benefit we find is through its practice. Even a moment of practice will give one rest, a single moment of absolute unification with one's true being will restore one. There are some people who know this art. When they are

very tired physically or mentally or have any occasion to be disturbed, they go into that rhythm of silence and it calms them, it replenishes them. That is why it is so potent in all spiritual practices.

Enter the sanctuary silently. You will find that there are temples and shrines where you are asked not to speak. Of course hide-bound rules do not bring us to the great Fruition. It comes when we do things out of feeling. There is within every soul, and there should be, a place set apart. When you enter there, you feel the sanctity of it. We all have our silent sanctuary within us where nothing can disturb. There are moments of trial and turmoil for us all. But at those times if we can enter that inmost shrine, at once we feel revived and restored. The mystics call it "living in the sanctuary." By this they do not mean any outer place, but a place they have created within. We all can create this sanctuary within ourselves which will be for us the perfect protection from all the ills of life.

O Thou Infinite Light of the universe!

Thou art the Source of all light and truth.

*It is through Thy Light that the sun, moon and all the
luminaries shed their lustre.*

It is through Thy Light that all eyes are able to see.

O Thou effulgent Spirit!

*Reveal Thy Light unto us, that our darkness of ignor-
ance may vanish*

That our delusion and deception may disappear.

O Thou all-loving One!

Do Thou fill our hearts with Thy divine grace

That we may see Thy Light in all things

And be guided by Thy infinite wisdom!

Peace, peace, peace!

Peace be unto us and to all living beings!

THE PERSONAL VISION

(Taken from *Prabuddha Bharata*, January 1913)

Let a man be concerned with his own vision; let him realize it in the silence and in intensity! For how shall he voice the glory of his vision unless he has, first of all, perceived in a clear manner that which his vision observes, and unless he has realized its contents? Locked up behind the iron bars of the incommunicable, all vision is personal because the full contents observed and the intensity of feeling and vision experienced can never be completely expressed. The world of illumination is always entered into by one's self; for this reason is the personal vision forever exclusive, and for this reason each man must work out and does work out his own salvation.

No one can understand another; no one can help another. Each, being singly concerned with his own vision, helps all thereby. The purpose that nature has with each soul is a full response to the pressure of truth and reality. In so far as each intensifies his own vision does he perform real labour, even though his hands are bereft of power and even though he dwells in a cave. The growth of the perspective of vision alone affords joy to the soul, and of itself it affords joy. That is why, ultimately, knowledge and bliss are one.

Each thought, each word, each turning of desire is a weight in the balance that determines whether the soul chooses the light or the darkness, whether it chooses vision or blindness. The very object of life is that the soul may see beyond it. Many are the ways of seeing beyond, but they are all personal. Therefore are there as many paths for the attaining of the goal as there are individuals. But each person is alone in his vision and his personal business is realization. In so far as he realizes does

he spread the gospel of his vision. Greater than expression is the intensity of vision. Greater than the art of a thing is its heart. According to the intensity of realization is the spreading of the gospel, though the lips of the prophet be sealed in the silence; or sealed in the bliss of his vision.

Only he lives who is possessed of vision. All others, though living, are dead to the reality of things. He who is possessed of no vision, in him the soul is asleep. Life is real only in so far as the powers of vision are developed. To plunge his soul into the chaos of life and find reality and truth, that is the greatness and that is the opportunity of man. To quicken within itself the command over all things, this is the determination of the awakened soul. To be beyond all necessities, that is its aim. To become greater within itself than all the greatness of that which is without, aye, even to engulf that greatness in the might of its spiritual realization, this is the sublime purpose of the soul. Only he who sees these possibilities has vision.

The very thought of these high purposes is itself the key to higher worlds of reality. A man who has no vision, though he be possessed of the earth and the higher spheres, still is he a beggar. The great poverty is upon him, the poverty to which the Christ referred when He said: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" To open the doorways of vision one must climb upward through the mists of sense beyond their touch and reach the height upon which is indestructibly founded the temple of the soul. Then must he himself break asunder all bars and throw open with power those doorways of vision. And then must he enter in; and there he finds worlds upon worlds of inner reality. But even here is no guide to lead him. He himself

must find the way, even as he has to climb the long path past the mists of sense, and by himself. He must be for himself the way, the truth and the light. There is, indeed, a sense of joy and of power, in standing alone. How much more prized the victory gained through the personal effort! The destiny that makes each stand alone in his own effort and in his own realization only seems to be destiny. It is not destiny. It is opportunity. After much struggle the time comes when man knows that all worlds are as veils that may be rent, and all difficulties as dreams that shall pass away with the coming on of higher and higher forms of truth. This is the joy and the tempest of vision when the soul senses its own power and has no longer any fears, when the soul sees its own life and turns from all lesser things to be concerned with the self of reality, which is the divine self of all things.

Each soul must perceive the self and that self is one. For this reason, again, is each man's vision his very own, for the forms of perceiving vary in relation to every person; for this reason, also, is each individual's vision incommunicable, and yet, for this very reason, is the vision of each soul interblended with the vision of all, for there is but one goal for all even as there is but one self—God.

I have stilled my restless mind and my heart is radiant:
for in That-ness I have seen beyond That-ness,
in company I have seen the Comrade Himself.

Living in bondage, I have set myself free: I have broken
away from the clutch of all narrowness.

Kabir says: "I have attained the unattainable,
and my heart is colored with the color of love."

—*Songs of Kabir*

SPIRITUAL VALUES OF SCIENCE

by Leonard K. Beyer

(A lecture given before a conference of teachers of Tioga County, Penn.)

Before beginning to talk about the contributions of science to the teaching of moral and spiritual values, no doubt we should frankly admit that science, as it has been known and understood during the past century, has been responsible in large measure for the widespread decay of these values. The great success of science in improving man's physical and material well-being and in accomplishing all sorts of spectacular and wonderful things has given her great prestige, so that when she speaks on such matters as the nature of man and the nature of the universe she is listened to with the utmost respect. The philosophers listen. The theologians listen — at least some of them. The politicians listen. Perhaps most of all the man in the street listens. And so when science proclaimed that matter and energy are the fundamental entities and that all that we see and know in nature and in man — even in man's mind — is due to their random interplay, the effect on moral and spiritual values was devastating. In effect it denied the validity or even the existence of such values. And the twentieth century descended upon us with its world wars, its widespread atheism, its cults of the superman and the super race, its materialism.

But these pronouncements were the conclusions of an immature science, a young science, strong in confidence but only at the beginning of her task of understanding and explaining the world. In recent decades much progress has been made. Science has grown greatly in depth and understanding, and no longer is so confident that

matter and energy are all. Indeed many scientists are coming to see, behind the forces with which they work, and underlying all the forms and phenomena of nature, evidences of a creative intelligence of cosmic proportions. As Lincoln Barnett says in *The Universe and Dr. Einstein*, "It seems to become more difficult all the time for modern physicists to solve their problems without recourse to God."

Of course there still are scientists who think in the old patterns. One could mention a number of them, like George Gaylord Simpson of Columbia, Ralph W. Gerard, formerly of the University of Chicago, and the famous English biologist, Julian Huxley; and philosophers who think like them, such as W. T. Stace of Princeton, Max Otto of the University of Wisconsin, and the great English philosopher, Bertrand Russell. But the number who are moving in the new direction is increasing and includes such names as Albert Einstein, Robert A. Millikan, Arthur H. Compton, Karl T. Compton, Max Plank, Erwin Schrodinger, Sir James Jeans, Sir Arthur Eddington. Kirtley Mather of Harvard and Edmund Sinnott of Yale—to list only a few. Indeed the last named, Dr. Sinnott, Dean of the Yale Graduate School and a botanist, has just published a book called *Two Ways to Truth*. One way which he discusses is religion, the other is science. And there are not lacking philosophers who follow this new direction too—Alfred North Whitehead of Harvard (who died recently), W. E. Hocking, and C. J. Ducasse of Brown University whose recent book, *Mind, Nature and Death*, is a profound study based on the findings of modern science, of the nature of the human mind. Many of these men are active in the Foundation for Integrated Education, a movement which is do-

ing excellent work in bringing together and harmonizing the apparently diverging concepts of science, philosophy and religion, and showing that they are not really diverging at all but complementary and necessary parts in a great and unified whole.

So it would seem that science is moving now to repair the damage she has done, and is coming more and more to reinforce the other fields of activity and thought in which man seeks to find and define his moral and spiritual values. I should like to mention and briefly discuss some of the ways in which I think she is doing this.

First as to moral values: We learn in biology that no one race of mankind is superior to another; that a race might excell in certain qualities and be deficient in certain others, but that there is no overall superiority in any one of them. Therefore any ideas of racial superiority are invalid, and one who exhibits them, and the kind of behavior which grows out of them, is only revealing his own ignorance and moral immaturity. Ashley-Montagu has abundantly demonstrated this in his book, *Man's Most Dangerous Myth—The Fallacy of Race*. And yet how much injustice is done to other humans who have the same aspirations, the same hopes, the same capacity for suffering as we (but a different color of skin), here in our own country, in South Africa and in many other parts of the world because we fail to live up to our knowledge in this respect. Perhaps we should use more science in teaching this aspect of moral values.

We also learn in biology that all life has much in common; that protoplasm is essentially the same stuff whether found in an amoeba, an earthworm, a grasshopper, a salamander, a bird, a deer or a man; and that the capacity for suffering and for many kinds of pleasure in oth-

er animals is not so very different from our own. Therefore, if one really realizes this truth, he will acquire something of what Albert Schweitzer calls a "reverence for life" and will not willingly harm any living thing unless, as sometimes is the case, there is no alternative. We need especially to learn this lesson here in America, I think, where killing for pleasure in the name of sport is still a major diversion of many of our citizenry. And yet one said, long ago, that "not even a sparrow falleth without the Father."

The laws of nature are dependable, and are no respecters of persons. This is true in all fields—physics, chemistry, biology, psychology—and makes possible prediction and control of a high order over many of the conditions affecting life on the earth. They will behave the same for the king as for the pauper, for the president as for the newsboy. Thus man, knowing this, can lay aside his superstitions and ideas of special or unfair treatment on the part of nature, since if he will but learn the laws involved he can predict and control the result.

As to spiritual values derived from science: In botany we have been recently studying the algae and the fungi—primitive and many of them minute plants for which we have to use the higher powers of the microscope. Yet they exhibit a beauty that is often breathtaking. Even a bit of mold, the kind which will grow on bread, is exquisite when properly looked at without prejudice. Before long we shall be studying mosses and then ferns, and here too, we shall find delicate and exquisite beauty—of form as well as of color. No matter where one looks in the living world, in its microscopic or its macroscopic aspects, he finds beauty. Why? Could it be, could it just possibly be, that throughout nature there lives a Force, an Intelli-

gence which loves beauty somewhat as we do, and which never tires of creating it? One could go on for a long time listing other examples—sunrises and sunsets, autumn colors, flowers, clouds, the blueness of the sky, morning sun on a newly fallen snow, a mountain lake, the ocean, white birch trees, stars.

In physiology we have been studying the nervous system, especially the ways in which the nerve cells function, and the nature of the nerve impulse. We learn that the nerve impulse is the same, no matter whether carried by a sensory or a motor nerve, or whether carried by the optic nerve, the auditory, the olfactory, or any other. This to me is one of the most amazing facts I know—that the thing which travels over my optic nerves from my eyes to the occipital lobe of my cerebrum and enables me to see so much beauty around me, and the faces of friends and students, is exactly the same kind of thing as that which travels over my auditory nerve to the temporal lobe of my cerebrum and enables me to hear music, the songs of birds, the voices of men. And I can see and revel in almost infinite shades of color and variety of form, and can hear and enjoy almost infinite qualities and combinations of tone and pitch. How can it be? There is much that is not known as yet about sight and about sound and about the other senses also, but it seems quite clear that the different effects or sensations which this nerve impulse, always the same, is able to awaken in consciousness depends entirely on the part of the cerebral cortex, one might say on the particular brain cell, to which it is carried. It is said that there are eight to ten billion brain cells in the cerebral cortex alone, and these are interconnected with each other and with the lower levels of the nervous system in such an unimaginably complex way as to make

possible all our conscious sensations, perceptions, memories and such higher mental processes as reasoning and judgment.

Scarcely less marvelous is the functioning of the cerebellum in its work of integrating and controlling the complex musculature of the body. The conscious part of the mind, seated in the cerebrum, can decide to perform some voluntary movement, such as to walk across the room or merely to raise the arm; but it is the job of the cerebellum to send orders, in the form of nerve impulses, to every one of the muscles involved in the movement, telling each one just when to contract and just how strongly, and just when to relax, in order to make the movement smooth and efficient. Think how complicated this work must be in such operations as running, playing a game like basketball, operating a typewriter or playing a piano. Of course, all this detail work goes on below the level of consciousness; we do not need to think about it nor ask ourselves which muscle to use for this or that movement, but something must—and that something is the cerebellum. In the medulla are the vital control centers, such as the respiratory, cardiac, and the vasomotor center, and these are constantly on the job, also below the level of consciousness, to keep the respiratory rate, heart rate and blood pressure adjusted to the varying needs of the body. It is when one thinks of these tremendously complex processes going on all the time in his own body, and of other processes equally complex—there are many others—that he asks himself, "Could all this have happened just by chance? Could life have originated on the earth and evolved, eventually producing man and a million other kinds of animals almost equally marvelous, and a quarter of a million kinds of plants, just by chance?" Or to go

back farther, "Could a universe have appeared made of atoms that combine themselves together into molecules of infinite variety and complexity, eventually producing an environment suitable for living things, just by chance?" It seems to me that if one answers "Yes" to these questions he is being more naive, more gullible, much more, than if he believes that there cannot be a creation without a Creator. Truly, as Walt Whitman said, even "a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels."

These, it seems to me, are some of the contributions of science to the teaching of moral and spiritual values. Thinking back over what I have said, it appears that I have confined myself largely to biology. But as much could be said for the other sciences. Indeed, all of them are so closely interrelated—there is so much physics and chemistry in biology, so much biology in psychology, and so much mathematics in all of them—that they are really one anyway. A quotation from Einstein, I think, perfectly expresses the spiritual contributions of science. "My religion," he says, "consists of a humble admiration of the illimitable superior spirit who reveals himself in the slight details we are able to perceive with our frail and feeble minds. That deeply emotional conviction of the presence of a superior reasoning power which is revealed in the incomprehensible universe forms my idea of God." And on another occasion he said, "It is enough for me to contemplate the mystery of conscious life perpetuating itself through all eternity, to reflect on the marvelous structure of the universe which we can dimly perceive, and to try humbly to comprehend even an infinitesimal part of the intelligence manifested in nature."

Nature is that Infinite under limitations.

—*Swami Vivekananda*

AN INDIAN VILLAGE

by Astrid Angstrom

(Translation of an article in the Swedish geographical magazine, *Jorden Runt [Round the World]*, September 1954).

An European coming to India must, to come close to India, lay aside his own ideas and his prejudices and not measure anything with European measurement. It is not sufficient either in length or width. India is probably the only country in the world where the original mythology has lived in unbroken succession, without any foreign religion being imposed upon it. Indians still love their mythology. The original ideas cover a philosophy that is experienced and deepened through milleniums. Conquerors have come time and again but their religious ideas have been enfolded in the wide embrace of Hinduism where everything profoundly lived and felt is considered holy. Primitive ideas and rites as well as the most subtle philosophy exist within that frame.

Today I am on my way to Balarampur, to friends who were close to Gandhi. One of them, Doctor Prafulla Chandra Ghosh, was the first Prime Minister of Bengal after Independence. He is a man deeply anchored in religious life who in accordance with Gandhi's ways practices religion by serving human beings.

I am to get off at Kharakpur on the railway line, Calcutta-Madras. It is late afternoon. The shadows have become long. The Ganges is luminous in the setting sun. The landscape I pass through is flat and marshy. Here and there the vegetation becomes dense and jungle-like. People in colorful garments are working in the fields. We pass villages of round mud huts with high turf roofs surrounded by palm and banana trees. It is already dark when the train stops. If I had not caught a glimpse of

Sadhona, Dr. Ghosh's adopted daughter, who once had been our guest in Sweden, I would have felt rather lost at the station with its Oriental throng of people and over eager porters with whom I cannot speak.

We climb into the waiting jeep and rattle for about one hour on narrow, uneven roads, through villages where people sit outside their huts by small coal fires or move between the houses in the faint light of small lamps. We pass through forests of many kinds of strange trees.

We arrive at Abhoy Ashram. (The word Ashram means "refuge"; Abhoy means "without fear".)

We are received by Jamuna and her good friend Labanyate. Jamuna is Dr. Ghosh's younger sister. These two small, frail women founded Abhoy Ashram and are still leading the work here.

After Gandhi's disobedience campaign at the beginning of the forties, most of his nearest followers were in prison. So were these two women. They were released at a time when famine was at its worst in Bengal; people were dying in the streets. Jamuna and Labanyate thought that at least they might be able to save some of India's children. They were in Calcutta at the time. They gathered about a hundred children from the streets and the nearby villages and started to feed the emaciated little beings—only a little at a time at first for they could not stand more though they begged and begged for it. Gradually the women started to teach. Both had university education. One was in fact president of a government school. The house in Calcutta where they started finally became too small and money for another and bigger place was raised through private means.

After having moved to several places they at last purchased ground and began to build. A hundred children,

very young children and older ones too, get their education here. After the ordinary school training they are educated to become social workers and are then sent to the villages to teach and help.

We arrive in time for supper. It is served in a large hall. Small bast mats for each one to sit on are laid out along the walls on the floor. In front of the seats reserved for the guests are low tables with beautiful, large brass plates. Before the other seats the plates are put directly on the mud floor. By each seat there is a bowl of water; A Hindu always washes the plate before eating. All sit cross-legged, but if a lady finds it more convenient to sit with both legs at one side she may do so. Here and there small kerosene lamps are placed. Two girls walk around and portion out the food on our plates. It is good food. They have been thoughtful enough not to put too much spice in the food I shall eat. It tastes good and it smells wonderful from all these foreign spices that the Indian food contains. Two small bowls stand beside me. One contains a sauce, the other sour milk. This is to be poured over the rice and vegetables. It is mixed with the finger tips of the right hand. One adapts oneself quickly to eat neatly this way and soon it feels quite natural.

Along the walls there are some brass vessels, mostly water jugs, pure and beautiful in form. After the meal all go out on the veranda and wash the hands by pouring water over them from one of these beautiful vessels. I am being introduced to the teachers and the doctor and I nod to all the youngsters. Here in the heart of Bengal one meets that typical Indian friendliness which regards one as a sister. I am called "sister." Dr. Ghosh becomes my *dada*, elder brother, to whom appropriately I ought to show as great a respect as Jamuna does.

Later on we sit for a while on the veranda of the mud hut where I am to sleep. A young girl sits down amongst us. She and Sadhona take turns in singing. And the sweet music floats in the tropical night. From far away a jackal is heard, and the chirping of the crickets is an accompaniment to everything that is said or sung.

Thoughts that through milleniums have been directed toward the One fill the atmosphere. And for a moment it is perceived by us that all life is One. The banana leaves, the crickets, Jamuna and I, Dada and Sadhona and all beings and things are all one life or love or *Atman* or *Brahman*, that which the wise give many names. To constantly be conscious of this is the goal of philosophy. It is to live and have one's being in God as St. Paul puts it. This vast, awakened, conscious silence is India.

At ten o'clock Dada gets up and says that everybody should go to bed. For the first time in my life I am to sleep in a mud hut. My bed is a wooden bunk with a thin mattress. Above it is a mosquito net. The windows have no glass, only wooden shutters. The floor is of stamped mud. It is quite warm in here now in the winter and there is no draught. Between the ceiling and the walls there is an open space so that the room is airy. When I have put out the lamp and tucked the mosquito net under the mattress, the impressions of the day come streaming over me. I stretch out on the wood and think that this is a good bed because it kills all desire to remain in it too long in the morning. Then I go soundly to sleep.

At a quarter to five a bell rings. I get up and dress in the light from an electric torch. At a quarter past five the bell rings again. Dada knocks at my door and asks if I am ready. We walk by the light of a little lamp in the starry morning to one of the biggest buildings. Here the

day is commenced with *Prarthana* (prayer). On one wall a large portrait of Gandhi is hanging. In front of it incense is burning. I sit down on the floor next to Dada. Behind us the hall is gradually being filled with teachers and children. Every morning chanting from Tulsidas' *Ramayana* goes on. Valmiki was the disciple of Rama (one of God's Incarnations on earth) who wrote this great epic. It was later popularized by Tulsidas who rendered it into the Hindustani tongue from the Sanskrit. The *Ramayana* tells of Rama, the King, and his wife Sita, who is the embodiment of the Indian ideal of womanhood:

Uma (daughter of the Himalayas, wife of Siva and Incarnation of the Divine Mother) thorough her devotion to Rama has attained a state beyond attachment, pride and anger. She sees her Lord in everything. How can she be in conflict with anybody?

Adoring those saints who feel oneness with all, who have no friend or foe and who are like sweet scented flowers which in whatever hand they are, right or left, fill them equally with fragrance,

She perceives Rama in all the animate and inanimate beings of the world. She worships all always with folded hands.

The *Ramayana* urges all who want to throw light inside and outside to place the golden lamp of *Ramanama* (the name of God) on the tongue which is the gateway of the body. (In India the constant repetition of God's name is of great importance.)

The chanting is continued with some words from the *Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad*:

From the unreal lead me to the Real.

From the darkness lead me to Light.

From death lead me to Immortality.

Finally the clear voice of a girl is heard singing a song by Tagore.

After sitting together like this for about half an hour, starts another half-hour of spinning. Gandhi wanted intellectual work to be combined with the activity of the hand. He considered that it would raise the self-esteem of the people if the craft in which they were formerly so skilled would be duly honored again. The Indians used to spin and weave the most delicate and fragile fabrics. But the British laid hold on the cotton and prevented in many ways the practice of this ancient handicraft. The fact that Gandhi attached such great importance to the revival of spinning must be seen against the background of what happened in India.

Teachers and girls and boys sit on the floor with the small kerosene lamps, each one spinning on a *charka*. These collapsible spinning wheels are so small as to be contained in an ordinary painting box. Gandhi invented the type when he was in prison at Yervada in the state of Bombay. Jamuna is particularly skilled in spinning. She produces the finest and most even cotton yarn. This yarn is later sent to women weavers in the nearby village and is made into *saris* and *dhotis*. Gandhi's friends always dressed in homespun cotton. The even sound from the spinning wheels mounts in the hall. The work is performed in silent intensity.

When we come out the sun is just rising. We sit on the veranda where hot tea and toast are served and watch how bananas, palms, tulasi—the holy plant whose leaves are used for worship and for medicine—how dhalias and tagetis come forth in the dawn. At my request Dada explains a Sanskrit word that one often comes across in India, *darshan*. It is derived from the root *dris* which

means vision. People come to a man of God to obtain his *darshan*—to get his vision, to receive part of his experience. It is also thus with a temple that has been built in honor of a holy man who has left this earth. When the youngsters sit before Gandhi's portrait singing from the scriptures he loved and lived after, they can get some of his *darshan*.

We walk about in this ashram which is built like a Bengal village, consisting of round and rectangular mud huts with high roofs of straw. There are artificial dams for irrigation in which fish, intended to eat noxious larvae, are planted. This area used to be infested with malaria, but now it is almost rooted out. In the thirties this was a jungle. Now there is a kitchen garden with cucumbers and pumpkins and many kinds of vegetables. The wholesome papaya fruit is also growing here as well as bananas, lemons and mangos.

We look into the kitchen department. There are three low ovens. Cooks prefer to squat when working in the kitchen. All vessels and containers are on the floor, and the actual cooking is also done on the floor. Everything is spotlessly clean and all preparatory work is most carefully done. Cooking takes much time in India.

Puppies and kittens are playing in the garden. Outside it the cows with velvety hides of different shades of grey are grazing. The bulls have decorative humps and beautiful long horns. The cow is held in reverence not because of any particular stipulations but because of her being, next to the mother, the most important being for the maintenance of human life. Just as it would never occur to anyone to kill and eat a friend, it does not occur to a Hindu to eat the meat of a cow. A cow here does not give more than about four quarts of milk a day. Dada holds

a Doctor's Degree in chemistry. Under his care the milk production has begun to increase and the fields to yield more. He does not live here for his work forces him to travel extensively, but he comes as often as he can.

The young teachers conduct their lessons out-of-doors under the trees as has been the custom in India since ancient times. The children look bright and well nourished. They come also from nearby villages to take advantage of the education. The teacher points at Sweden on the big map and asks me to tell something about my country. And I tell them about snow and ice, about large forests and the transportation of timber on our big rivers. They look as if they believed it to be a fairy tale.

The physician, Dr. Napendra Bose, takes me around. He has his practice in the villages. He goes with the jeep to see his patients. All his earnings go to the organization. He owns nothing for himself. If he needs a new *dhoti*, he must request one from the common supply.

Tuition here is based on Gandhi's principle of non-violence. Asking to be informed of the actual meaning of this, I am told that it means a just and appropriate apportionment of physical and intellectual work. No one is to look down upon his neighbor. All work is regarded as equivalent. No one should have any reason to feel looked down upon by anyone. Non-violence, they say, is a right apportionment between work and economy. That eliminates fear. Freedom from fear is the most important of all.

Those who work in Abhoy Ashram have altogether left the world. Many of them are married. Then both husband and wife make it their task to serve Mother India by educating youngsters along the lines of the ancient ideals of living. Those who work here have to make five promises :

1. Not to steal; not to own more than what is absolutely necessary.
2. To be true.
3. To be without fear.
4. To feel love even for an enemy.
5. To lead a pure and chaste life.

In every Indian there is deeply implanted a wish to experience God, to reach that stage which is to live and have one's being in God. There are many roads leading to that goal. One of them, Gandhi's way, is to serve the motherland unselfishly, to see the Divinity of man, to serve God through serving man. Those who work in Abhoy Ashram are unafraid and courageous. They find their joy in the work itself.

After dinner which is served at twelve o'clock everyone has a rest. But bed does not tempt me and when Labanyate beckons me to come and sit at her bedside while she is resting, I gladly do so. She sleeps in a big dormitory with thirteen young girls. They walk in and out of the hall and smile at me with dazzling white teeth in their warm brown faces. Even the very young girls have an indescribably dignified carriage. I come to think of what Dada had said earlier: that if they could increase the milk production so much that everyone of the hundred boys and girls could get at least half a pint of milk a day, much would be achieved. He wants these growing youngsters to have both meat and fish once a day. In Bengal people are not vegetarians, though they do not of course eat beef.

After having rested a while, Labanyate takes me round the grounds and tells me how things were in the beginning and of their hopes and plans for the future. We cross a field cut through by the railway. She shows me

the place where once Mahatma Gandhi's train stopped and the platform from which he spoke. People gathered from distant villages. They had brought their spinning wheels and sat spinning while listening to his words. It was then he gave the Ashram its present name. Every year on the thirtieth of January, the date of Gandhi's passing away, people gather here in the same way and spin for an hour.

"Come here and work with us, and stay with us," Labanyate suggests.

She shows me the place where they intend to establish a nursery so that the women of the nearby villages may leave their babies and work in the fields without anxiety. It often happens that tiny children get drowned in the ponds when no one is looking after them.

"Come here, be one of us and work with us," the doctor says when we pass his reception office. "Both children and grandchildren need you here. Next time you visit India, come straight to us!"

One afternoon we again mount the jeep to drive up to a village where a tribe of ancient people lives: the *santals*. Nobody knows much about them. Their origin is veiled in darkness. But they themselves talk about a past period of greatness when they were powerful. After having left the mountain areas where they used to live, and after having come in contact with civilization they are now gradually dying out. They are well built with shiny dark bodies and faces of a negroid type. In their village is a house belonging to Abhoy Ashram. On our arrival we find some boys sitting along the veranda wall spinning. Some of them immediately run to fetch two bedsteads with bottoms made of plaited strings and offer them to us to sit on. Everything seems nice and clean. They enter-

tain us with music. Their instruments are of the most primitive kind and mainly serve the purpose of keeping the tone while they are singing. They sing a prayer. It sounds monotonous, quaint, sad and touching. They give us a dancing performance. Their dance is expressive with well controlled movements and tells about the greatness and decline of their people.

Now and then Dr. Ghosh gathers the peasants of near-by villages in order to discuss with them their own problems and to induce them to collaborate in matters concerning their own education and training. A meeting of this kind is held during my stay at Abhoy Ashram. The peasants assemble in an open hall with a high straw roof resting on bamboo poles. I bring my sketchbook and pencil. I intend to stay outside and to make sketches of the men in their colorful wrappers. But they want me to sit amongst them. One of them asks me with eloquent gestures to take my seat on a small mat beside the speaker. I cannot do anything but take off my shoes and sit down on the floor. And there I am, listening to this foreign language of which I can only understand a word here and there. "Sweden", I distinguish. They all look at me with friendly wondering looks. I smile at them and they smile back. *Bhagavan*, God, is a word that appears again and again, also "Gandhiji" and "Mahatmaji". These people look like peasants of any other country, as if grown out of the soil. Brown men belonging to the brown soil! Some have a clear eyed expression and listen intently. Others sit with open mouths and do not look very bright. But they seem sinewy and do not give the impression of being undernourished or weak. Afterwards I remark about this to one of the teachers. I get the answer: "Now in winter time they get two square meals

a day. That keeps them in good condition. But if you were here after the summer and the rainy season you would get another impression."

In front of all the men a little bronze colored boy is sitting, clear eyed and awake. It strikes me: such a small boy in a similar village in Bengal was once Ramakrishna. Among such mud huts he lived and over such brown fields he ran. There he had his first deep experience of beauty when he saw a row of white cranes against a dark thunder cloud. It impressed its beauty on him with such force that he fell unconscious to the ground. For such people as these he and his young friends acted dramas from the life of gods and goddesses. Together with such simple men and women he listened to pilgrims and monks when they told their legends or commented on the scriptures. The many thousand-year old culture produces strange flowers. Sri Ramakrishna came directly from the heart of Bengal. Thousands and thousands are inspired and blessed by his experiences and words. From his quiet concentrated life the wave arose that led to the liberation. With him started the renaissance of the old Indian culture which is still flourishing, founded on control and pure morality.

Before the meeting has come to an end Sadhona beckons to me to come with her for a walk along the road toward the village. A man follows us at some distance to be of assistance if necessary. Sadhona comes from east Bengal. Her family lost everything at the partition. Then Dada who was a friend of her father adopted Sadhona. She accompanied Dada to Europe and continued her studies in England. Now she is planning some kind of educational institution. Since she has been in Europe she has become more Indian than before. She is proud of the

ancient culture of her country. She, like everybody I talk to, believes in India, believes that India, when she has become strong through realizing the high ideals of moral control and purity that were given by the mystics in the time of the *Vedas*, will be of great importance even for other countries. The same unselfish work that is carried on here at Abhoy Ashram is leavening all India. There are many ashrams under different leaders. But the attitude of serving God through serving men is the same.

We walk along the road. This is the hour when the cows are coming homeward, stirring the red-brown dust to a cloud over the fields. It makes the sunset more intensely glowing than I have seen it anywhere else. The elegant palm trees stand as silhouettes against the golden-red evening sky. Kaktus, beltrees, bodhi trees are dark masses. The feet walk softly in the dust. The sun sets over this ground that is cultivated with so much sweat and work. This hour when light meets darkness and both are equal is called *Godhuli*. This is the hour best fit for meditation. The burning day vanishes, the fields drink the calmness and the minds of men become one pointed. It is cooling off. Silence comes. Only the crickets are heard. The white figure of the man glides in front of us now. The life of the day has let its hold on us go. Education, birth control, food problems that fill the mind in the day vanish. All merges in the burning sunset. By and by the stars appear in Southern magnificence. Now when the veil of the day's activity is torn the soul begins to live its real life.

We talk about *Lakshmi*, the goddess of welfare. On the occasion of the great "Light Festival" all doors are left open in case she would call on you. No one may leave the house without being helped. For who is the goddess? She is everyone who comes to the door.

Thus mythology is entwined into daily life. Life is the great now which embraces all conceptions of time.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

by *David Grindell*

"I assert that the cosmic religious experience is the strongest and noblest mainspring of scientific research.

"The cosmic sense [is to] experience the totality of existence as a unity full of significance . . . The most important function of art and of science is to arouse and keep alive this feeling in those who are receptive."

Einstein, Cosmic Religion

Albert Einstein is no longer with us. Of no other man of our time can it so truly be said, I think, that his life and work mark an epoch. Ours is the age of science; and science has been, in great measure and in a definite way, Albert Einstein.

His accomplishments reached far beyond the realm of science as such. No one, I suppose, will think it strange that an article commemorating him should appear in this journal, devoted to the things of the spirit on a universal and integrative basis. For Einstein was recognized during his lifetime as a figure of outstanding spiritual significance. The claim scarcely needs to be justified: we shall only want to see in what ways it is true.

The ethical and the mystical—it is in these two domains where, as it seems to me, the contributions of Einstein to what we may call the spiritual life can best be seen and judged. Wherever possible we shall listen to his own words, which have a characteristic nobility and simplicity. With these words his actions and life were always in the closest accord.

Science itself is ethically ambivalent. It works with equal readiness for man's weal or woe. An internal com-

bustion engine may speed an ambulance along on an errand of mercy, or send a tank rumbling forward with its death-dealing weapons. Science holds out to us with one hand penicillin and sulfa drugs; and with the other, bombs of frightful and ever-increasing power.

In this regard there was a tragic irony in Einstein's life. An outstanding pacifist of his day, it was he who did so much to make the atom bomb possible. To whatever direct involvement he had in this matter, he was impelled, it is quite evident, only by the extraordinary circumstances of that time. Later on he had strong misgivings. When the use of the bomb at Hiroshima was first made known to him he fell silent and shook his head. "Ach!" he said sadly, "the world is not yet ready for it!"

Einstein's ethical concern seems to have become more lively after the misfortunes which befell his people, the Jews, in the 1930's. His thought did not always move on the Olympian heights of pure science: it met the challenge of social problems and tried to find answers to them. On political and economic questions, as well as on the problems of his people, he had firm opinions.

With all these convictions, however, he kept a certain philosophic aloofness from all groups, parties and organizations:

"My passionate interest in social justice and social responsibility has always stood in curious contrast to a marked lack of desire for direct association with men and women . . . I have never belonged wholeheartedly to country or state, to my circle of friends, or even to my own family. These ties have always been accompanied by a vague aloofness, and the wish to withdraw into myself increases with the years.

"Such isolation is sometimes bitter, but I do not regret being cut off from the understanding and sympathy of other men. I lose something by it, to be sure, but I am compensated for it in being rendered independent of the customs, opinions and prejudices of others, and am not tempted to rest my peace of mind upon such shifting foundations."

His system of values set him apart from the mass of men and placed him with the sages, the men of discriminative wisdom:

“To make a goal of comfort or happiness has never appealed to me; a system of ethics built on this basis would be sufficient only for a herd of cattle . . . Possessions, outward success, publicity, luxury—to me these have always been contemptible. I believe that a simple and unassuming manner of life is best for everyone, best both for the body and the mind.”

Regarding the moral implications of his professional position—a thing he felt with great intensity—Einstein said:

“The man of science . . . suffers a truly tragic fate. Striving in great sincerity for clarity and inner independence, he himself, through his sheer superhuman efforts, has fashioned the tools which are used to make him a slave and to destroy him also from within . . . As a soldier he is forced to sacrifice his own life and to destroy the lives of others even when he is convinced of the absurdity of such sacrifices.”

The great physicist had the theory that religion develops historically through three stages. This is the argument of a highly interesting little essay entitled *Cosmic Religion*.

It is fear, according to this theory, which awakens religious conceptions among primitive peoples—fear of hunger, of wild animals, of illness and of death. These peoples create a being upon whose will and activities their welfare shall depend. They seek to win his favor by rites and sacrifices, to appease him and make him well disposed. This is the religion of fear; other emotions, of course, play their part too. It makes possible the formation and consolidation of a priestly caste, which claims to mediate between the believers and their awesome god.

Man's longing for guidance, succor and love leads to a more advanced stage. Here is the God of Providence, who protects, decides, rewards and punishes. This is the social and moral idea of God. He is anthropomorphic,

that is to say, with human characteristics and attributes. The religions we find in the world are mainly mixed forms of these two levels although the moral element predominates where social life is more highly evolved. According to man's expanding horizons this God loves a race, his faithful, or all of humanity.

The culminating stage is rare indeed: it is found only in exceptionally gifted individuals or especially noble communities. It is the cosmic religious sense. It is beyond all creeds, dogmas and determinate conceptions and so is very difficult to communicate to others. It does not involve an anthropomorphic idea of God; cannot be reduced to any theological system. "The individual," says Einstein, "feels the vanity of human desires and aims, and the nobility and marvelous order which are revealed in nature and in the world of thought. He feels the individual destiny as an imprisonment and seeks to experience the totality of existence as a unity full of significance." Francis of Assisi and Spinoza, to name but two, attained this transcendent feeling.

Why did he rejoice in the overcoming of this idea of an anthropomorphic God? "I cannot imagine," Einstein declares, "a God who rewards and punishes the objects of his creation, whose purposes are modeled after our own—a God, in short, who is but a reflection of human frailty."

To repeat: the stages in the development of religion are the emotional, the social and ethical, and the cosmic or mystical. Note that ethics is *not* considered to be the end goal of the spiritual path.

Two of his most revealing pronouncements on the subject show that he viewed ethics from a higher station:

"In the case of political, and even of religious, leaders it is often very doubtful whether they have done more good or

harm. Hence I most seriously believe that one does people the best service by giving them some elevating work to do and thus indirectly elevating them.

"The true value of a human being is determined primarily by the measure and the sense in which he has attained liberation from the self."

The evolvement of aid from inward resources; the estimation of human worth on the basis of selflessness—is this not the ethics of the mystic?

The master scientist did not build up his magnificent theory-structures by a sequence of intellectual operations, by a train of rational deductions. That method was too labored and pedestrian for him. Einstein, who remarked that "the intellectuals always have microscopes before their eyes," put his trust in a higher faculty:

"The supreme task of the physicist is to arrive at those universal elementary laws from which the cosmos can be built up by pure deduction. There is no logical path to these laws; only intuition, resting on sympathetic understanding of experience, can reach them."

Here science and art are as brother and sister:

"In my life that which is artistically visionary plays no mean role. After all, the work of a research scientist germinates upon the soil of imagination, of vision. Just as an artist arrives at his conceptions partly by intuition, so a scientist must also have a certain amount of intuition."

This intuition can become as a holy afflatus:

"[The scientist's] religious feeling takes the form of a rapturous amazement at the harmony of natural law, which reveals an intelligence of such superiority that, compared with it, all the systematic thinking and acting of human beings is an utterly insignificant reflection. This feeling is the guiding principle of his life and work in so far as he succeeds in keeping himself from the shackles of selfish desire. It is beyond question closely akin to that which has possessed the religious geniuses of all ages."

How noble, finally, is the invincible questing spirit of man!

"The most incomprehensible thing about the world is that it is comprehensible."

But if the world is understandable in the empyrean flights of the spirit, or perhaps even in the esoteric equations of higher mathematics, it is not so commonly. Most of us live in a total environment which is bewildering, perplexing. The data which our experience, both of the inner realm of mind and the outer sphere of nature, furnishes to us are multifarious and chaotic. So it is with the senses and their representations. The primary data noticed by science are also of this kind.

Man cannot remain at this level. His understanding drives him on to find underlying laws, to impose order on chaos, to gain the assurance that he is living in a harmonious, meaningful universe, to find, at length, an all-embracing integration. This is the story of the development of all of man's fields of investigation. Why is our age the age of science? Simply because science—physical science at least—has progressed further along the path to unification than any other discipline and has given us concurrently an unparalleled control over nature.

Einstein is the great genius of integration in the field of natural science. His achievement has that in it which is akin to the perennial tradition of mysticism. A very gifted popularizer of science, Lincoln Barnett, says: "The philosopher and mystic, as well as the scientist, have always sought through their various disciplines of introspection to arrive at a knowledge of the ultimate immutable essence that undergirds the mutable illusory world."

Science's basic assumptions about the nature of the world were still, around the turn of our century, essentially those formulated with such brilliance by Sir Isaac Newton in his *Principia Mathematica* in 1687. Newton's demonstration that a single cosmic force, gravitation, caused objects to be drawn to earth below and sped the

luminous planets along their immense pathways high above, held an extraordinary fascination for the eighteenth century, the period of the Enlightenment. The universe had ceased to be a tangle of disparate events; it revealed itself as a grand harmony. Within the framework of Newton's laws all the phenomena of nature seemed to find their rightful place. The terrestrial and the celestial had been linked by an epic leap of human reason.

Nevertheless the Newtonian synthesis began after a time to weaken and crack. The accumulation of scientific data pointed up happenings for which it offered no convincing explanation.

Einstein was barely twenty-six when, in 1905, he published his *Special Theory of Relativity*. The spectacle it presented was challengingly new. It made the Newtonian universe seem elementary, sense-bound, mechanical. With him time and space had been separate categories; with this rather obscure young man they were merely dual aspects of a more fundamental reality: actually, we live in a four-dimensional space-time continuum. Space has no objective reality save as a possible order for the arrangement of material objects; time has no independent existence except as a sequence on which to record events. "Space and time separately," said Herman Minkowski, "have vanished into the merest shadows, and only a sort of combination of the two preserves any reality."

It was likewise with mass and energy: they are only manifestations of the same thing; they are interconvertible. Matter is frozen energy; energy is fluid matter. If matter puts off its mass and travels at the rate of light we call it radiation or energy. And conversely, if energy consolidates and becomes inert so that we can determine its mass we call it matter.

The *General Theory of Relativity* followed in 1916. It vastly expanded the scope of the Special Theory and provided a revolutionary concept whereby gravity was considered to be a field rather than a force, a property of the time-space continuum. Bertrand Russell wrote in 1924 that relativity "is probably the greatest synthetic achievement of the human intellect up to the present time. It sums up the mathematical and physical labors of more than 2,000 years. Pure geometry from Pythagoras to Riemann, the dynamics and astronomy of Galileo and Newton, the theory of electromagnetism as it resulted from the researches of Faraday, Maxwell and their successors, are all absorbed, with the necessary modifications, in the theories of Einstein."

The *Unified Field Theory* of 1949 is Einstein's last great contribution. It shows his continuing attempt to arrive at an over-arching integration of all the fields of physical science. Gravity and electromagnetism are taken in and shown to be two facets of the same primordial reality. Four equations in this theory are intended to give the key to the cosmos.

It is, of course, too early to pass a definitive judgment on Einstein's life work. Qualified colleagues doubt that the universe is as strictly determined in its processes as he thought. The Quantum Theory, which a majority of physicists uphold but which Einstein disliked, would indicate that there is a measure of unpredictability, perhaps even of "free will" in the atom.

The picture of the universe which he has given us is less open to dispute although considerably more removed from our ordinary sense-given conception of it. The cosmos, the whole frame of the things we perceive in space and time, has an insubstantial, subjective, mind-projected

character, highly reminiscent of the Indian doctrine of *maya*.

Those who rejoice thus to see how the most assured findings of modern science confirm the insights of the mystics of all ages and lands will listen gratefully to these words of physical science's great unifier: "The most beautiful and most profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical. It is the sower of all true science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead. To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms—this knowledge, this feeling is at the center of true religiousness."

VEDANTA ON THE AIR

BROADCASTS

by *Sister Daya*

(March 13, 1954)

SISTER DAYA: My friends, today, for a change, I am going to ask you a question. "What do you know about *Yoga*?" If you are quick, you will answer by another question: "What do *you* know about *Yoga*?" And if I am honest, I shall reply, "I know very little I fear, because *Yoga* is like a walnut: You must first break the shell before you can taste of the meat; and *Yoga* is a hard nut to crack." Really to know *Yoga* takes all one's power, all one's devotion, all one's faith—in fact, all one's life. It is the living science of spiritual attainment, whereby man learns how to identify himself with ultimate Reality, with the Supreme Being of the universe. In India it is

considered a sacred science, the ultimate science. The masters of *Yoga* are Christ and Buddha and all those blessed ones who have *become* the flame, who have *become* the light, who have *become* the Truth. It is not for the superficial mind; it is not for the curiosity seeker; but it is for anyone who seeks God or Truth with his whole heart, no matter how poor or how humble he may be. The proud, the worldly, the sophisticated must be stripped clean before they can advance upon the path of *Yoga*. Certainly the narrow minded, the dogmatic and the intolerant will not be able to perceive that there is such a path.

You may ask: "If *Yoga* is so lofty as to be beyond the common reach, then why do you bring up the subject at all?" Because even a little practice of *Yoga* delivers one from many of the afflictions of life. The *Bhagavad-Gita* says that even the enquirer of *Yoga* goes beyond the mere outer forms of religion. Furthermore, *Yoga* is the next step in our survey of India's spiritual vision. It is her point of practical application of philosophic theory. Contrary to popular conception, India has ever been most practical in her spiritual striving. It is not enough for her to know *about* God and the soul; every stated truth she must experience for herself. Thus she has concentrated on inner Reality, while the West has concentrated on the outer material facts. The result has been that the West has produced master minds along the lines of scientific materialism, while the East has gained mastery over the intricate ways of man's inner being.

The Lord Buddha once said: "Self is death and Truth is life. The cleaving to self is a perpetual dying, while moving in the Truth is partaking of *Nirvana*, which is life everlasting." The self to which the Buddha refers is

the little grasping self of our outer existence. The *Truth* of which he speaks can be compared to the indwelling Great Self or ultimate Reality of the Vedantic concept.

Michael de Molinos, Spanish mystic and quietist, wrote: "Thou shalt never be hurt by men or devil, but by thyself, by thy own proper pride and the violence of thy passions. Take heed of thyself for thou of thyself art the greatest devil of all to thyself."

This seems to be almost an echo of the *Bhagavad-Gita* where we read: "Let a man raise himself by his Self, let him never lower himself; for he alone is the friend of himself, and he alone is the enemy of himself. He who has conquered himself by the Self, he is the friend of himself; but he whose self is unconquered, his self acts as his own enemy like an external foe."

Christ stated: "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it." Surely He did not mean merely giving up the physical body; he meant losing the selfishness of selfhood.

Always we come back to this dual aspect of man's nature; because it is the battleground upon which the great struggle for liberation goes forward. We have come to identify ourselves so utterly with the personality that we have lost all knowledge of the Great Light within, and feel that the personality is all that there is. We wrap up the whole meaning of the universe in our petty personal concerns, and cover the mystery of creation with the thin crust of the commonplace. We speak of rugged individualism without an understanding of the real meaning of the word. Words in their derivations often contain great philosophic truths. Take, for instance, the words personality and individuality.

Personality comes from the Greek word, *persona*,

meaning a mask such as the Greek actor used to wear to indicate the part he was to play in the drama. Individuality, on the other hand, means that which is whole, incapable of being divided. Now the science of *Yoga* is for the purpose of helping man to identify himself with that indivisible wholeness. This it does by showing him how to gain mastery over all that is instrumental to his true Self, that is, over his mind, over his body, over his emotions; for all these are changeable and the true Self does not change. Once united with That, man becomes free from all bondage to his lesser parts.

“But how can we lose our sense of a distinct and separate self and still go on living in the body?” you may ask. Of course we cannot. I am only indicating the ultimate, which is beyond our present grasp. Our task is to sublimate our sense of self and expand it.

The great Hindu sage Sankaracharya had a disciple who served him long without receiving any teaching. One day, hearing footsteps behind him, the sage asked: “Who is there?” The disciple answered, “It is I.” Then said the Master, “If this ‘I’ is so dear to you, either stretch it to the Infinite or renounce it altogether.” The crass egotist narrows his consciousness down to a pinpoint, so that he has little awareness of anything beyond his small entity. The great of soul enlarge the scope of their consciousness far beyond the bounds of the personality. Have a firmamental heart, the Buddha said to his disciples. We have only to think of a Gandhi, an Albert Schweitzer, an Abraham Lincoln, and place them alongside of a kidnapper, a seller of dope or any other of that type, to realize the tremendous range in human consciousness. They are all human beings, but in the lower order the little self is rampant, in the higher order the great, universal Self is assuming command.

Here a very practical question may arise: "Since most of us are not born in the Gandhi class, what do we do with this obtrusive ego, since we do not seem to be able to do without it?" Sri Ramakrishna supplies the answer so simply that anyone can understand. He says: "If you cannot destroy this 'I', then let it remain as 'the servant I'. The self that knows itself as the servant and lover of God will do little mischief. In this conviction that 'I am His servant' or 'I am His worshipper', there is no harm. On the other hand it brings us to God."

What Sri Ramakrishna taught has been taught in one form or another by all the spiritual leaders of mankind. Holy books, scriptures, sacred records are filled with their words; yet man remains in ignorance. Reading is not enough; if it had been, human beings long ago would have attained liberation. Truth must be realized; it must be applied to the life. But how? How is man to separate his true Being from the body, the mind, the emotions? How is he to rule over them instead of being their servant and slave? How is he actually to realize the God within and lose the limitations of ego? When he seeks to serve God, too often he finds that he is again serving himself and that ego is manifesting in a new and subtler form. The poet, Rabindranath Tagore, cries:

"I came out alone on my way to my tryst.
But who is this that follows me in the
silent dark?

I move aside to avoid his presence
but I escape him not.

He makes the dust rise from the
earth with his swagger; he adds his loud
voice to every word that I utter.

He is my own little self, my Lord, he
knows no shame; but I am ashamed to come
to Thy door in his company."

There is a science for practically everything. So why

should there not be a science of self-knowledge by which we can walk with more surety along the narrow path? India says that there is—the age-old science of *Yoga*. Next Saturday I hope that I may be instrumental in bringing to you who listen a more complete picture of this great system, which has a path for each temperament and type, and which, when followed with determination and sincerity leads man from the unreal to the Real, from darkness to Light; from death to the deathless.

(March 20, 1954)

SISTER DAYA: My friends, on this, our last Saturday together, let us begin our air-borne communion with a prayer to the Supreme Being of the universe, according to our inner conviction, that our hearts may be in tune with that One and with one another :

*O Thou Eternal, unchanging Deity,
Lift our hands from changing things
And fasten them to Thy unchanging treasure.
Free our thoughts from attachment to the perishable
and tie them to the everlasting.
Cure us of the fever of struggle for the finite
And teach us to find all our happiness and peace
in Thy Infinitude! Amen.*

In saying goodbye after our weeks together, I should like to follow the consoling Hindu custom. In India, at a time of farewell, the one who is leaving does not say "I go," but rather "I come," signifying that with the departure, the return trip has already begun. Therefore I say to you, "I come," in the hope that we may meet again at some future time—if not over the air, then perhaps at our Ashrama. For I cannot help wishing that you who may have listened to our program these past Saturdays, may be moved to drive up Pennsylvania Avenue at La

Crescenta one of these fine days, and spend a half hour or so in the peace of our fragrant hills, under the shadow of our temple walls. Always a warm welcome will await you, without regard to your race, your creed, your color or your caste.

My earnest hope is that what we have been instrumental in giving to you, our listeners, in the way of practical idealism and spiritual realism, may echo through your daily lives as deeper faith, greater love and a truer vision.

It has been impossible to do more than touch upon certain essential points of this ancient and most noble Vedanta philosophy—or the Eternal Religion, as the Indo-Aryans call it—in the brief time at our disposal. But for those who are sincerely seeking the why and wherefore of existence, what has been said may be sufficient to stimulate their interest and increase their yearning for Great Truth. Therefore with true humbleness of heart we offer our small efforts to that One Whose name is “Great Glory” and leave the results in His Divine keeping.

Vedanta, like Christianity and all great living faiths, holds up an ideal of thought and action that in its perfection seems to us, in our *imperfection*, almost unattainable. Actually, however, it only carries to their logical fulfilment the concepts of self-control, love, unselfishness, sacrifice and service upon which we like to feel that our Christian civilization has been nurtured. For do we not speak of the ‘Christian’ virtues? Christ surely gave them a living expression, but they belong to the whole world and abide equally in all purified hearts, and have ever done so. They are fundamental to Vedanta which weaves for us actually a familiar design. In its teaching of a basic oneness, in which all separated lives are con-

tained, we find not only the foundation for all ethical movements, for all expressions of love and brotherhood, but also a meeting place with the concepts of modern science. The pattern of our own United States of America, with its motto: E PLURIBUS UNUM — Out of Many, One — falls equally into the picture. In its declaration concerning the essential divinity of the human spirit, and man's inherent right, therefore, to freedom of choice on his evolutionary path, we are given the corrective for all that would fetter or bind the human soul, deprive it of that freedom, or rob man of his innate spiritual dignity as an individual.

In the great concepts of Reincarnation and Karma we are offered an explanation of life on earth, which harmonizes with reason and our inborn sense of justice. In the stress that it lays upon prayer and meditation and the surrender of our little aims and ambitions to the One Infinite Being, we are made aware again of the life of Christ with its infinite surrender, and of the injunction: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Finally, in reviewing briefly the identical commands found in the varying religions, we have borne in upon us the truth of that timeless statement from the *Rig Veda*: "Truth (or God) is One—men call It by many names."

It is, however, by applying these universal concepts to our problems great or small that we discover their validity, their ever-living and redeeming power. Religion, Swami Vivekananda tells us, is not in creeds or dogmas; religion is being and becoming. No one scales the top of a mountain in one step. No pianist became a Paderewski in one day, no mystic achieved sainthood in one hour. Yet that is no reason for abandoning our great ventures, whatever they may be.

Listen to what Swami Paramananda once wrote in a letter to a student, and take heart: "Even," he says, "if we do not get a single glimpse of spirituality by our life-long struggle, self-control, at least, will make us more independent. Never mind whether we realize God or not in this life; but there is no reason why we should live like slaves or live in the world and create more and more bondage around us by blindly following our selfish desires. Worship the Truth and die for it. Remember always that the present life is the result of past thoughts and deeds. The future is going to be according to the present. So our future depends entirely upon us. Past will be washed off by the present life. Past is dead and gone but present is alive. So do everything with unselfishness in the present moments. Talk little. It is not words or beautiful language but character that will bring the light. Root out all selfish desires and you will reach the goal."

There is a profound longing in my heart to speak some final word that will lift from your heart's uncertainty, brooding over past mistakes, self-doubt, lack of faith, and all those elements which lead finally to despair. They would not lead to despair if they represented Truth. Truth means power, efficiency, surety, peace and joy. Even a weak man is made strong when he takes his stand on Truth. Truth is not just fact; it is inherent Reality. It is that which unchangeably *is*. It is the Unchanging in the midst of change. Another name for Truth is God. Men have called It by many names. Sometimes It speaks to us through the voice of a Saviour. Sometimes It comes to us as a living Presence in the soul. It comes in the form that is the most sacred to us. But it is the same Truth, deathless, eternal. It spoke to the ancient Aryans on the shores of the Indus, and the words still resound through

India's immortal scriptures. It spoke through Lao-tze in China, through Hermes in Egypt, through Zoroaster and Buddha, and through Sri Krishna on the battlefield of Kurukshetra. Finally It challenged the might of the material world through the lips of Jesus Christ.

Perhaps what Lord Krishna said at the close of his great instruction to his disciple, Arjuna, as recorded in the *Bhagavad-Gita*, may serve to convey the final message that my heart seeks to give. The battle of the princes was about to be joined. Between the two armies, in his chariot of war stood the hero, Arjuna, beside Sri Krishna, his divine charioteer. The *Gita*, or the Lord's Song, had been sung, the Divine Wisdom imparted, but there still was a final word, the ultimate revelation to be made:

"O Arjuna," said Krishna, "The Lord dwells in the heart of all beings, causing all beings to revolve as if mounted on a wheel. O Bharata, take refuge in Him with all thy heart; through His grace thou shalt attain Supreme Peace and the Eternal Abode . . . Hear again My supreme word, *most profound of all*; for thou art my dearly beloved, therefore I shall speak for thy good. Fill thy heart with Me (the One Lord), be thou devoted to Me, do thou worship Me and bow down to Me. Thus thou shalt attain unto Me. Truly I promise thee, for thou art dear to Me. Giving up all other ways and means, come unto Me alone for refuge. I shall free thee from all sins—grieve not."

Whatever the word, whatever the voice, the Truth-lover knows, the God-lover knows that there is only one Voice that speaks—only one Being, only one Doer in this universe. So Christ said: "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God."

In order to find happiness and peace there is but one

thing for us to do: that is to lay all that we say and think and do upon the altar of the mysterious and ineffable Being, and say from our hearts, "All is Thine!" In the age-old, simple truths, in the Golden Rule, in the love of the heart which knows no race nor color nor creed, in these alone will men find healing, will nations find peace, will the soul of man find its fulfilment. But there can be no coercion. Each man must give of his best, seek to share his vision, but leave his brother free. Listen again to Sri Krishna, at the close of the *Gita*: "Thus wisdom most profound of all secrets has been declared unto thee by Me; pondering over it fully, *do as thou likest*." Even the embodied Lord would not bind the soul of His devotee. That has ever been the spirit of the Ananda Ashrama, and of this program. Therefore humbly as we bid you farewell, we also say: This wisdom that has been given to us, we have sought to pass on to each one of you. "Pondering over it fully, *do as thou likest*."

Let us with uplifted hearts and serene minds, turn our thoughts toward that Ever Present One with a prayer that we may be filled with new life, new Light and blessed understanding.

*May that One who is Father in Heaven of the
Christians,
Allah of the Mohammedans,
Jehovah of the Jews,
Ahura Mazda of the Zoroastrians,
Buddha of the Buddhists,
Divine Mother, infinite all-abiding Spirit and
Immutable Absolute of the Indo-Aryans
Grant unto us all, peace and blessing.
May that divine peace, peace, peace be unto us
and to all living beings!*

FROM A DISCIPLE'S NOTEBOOK

(Continued from the Spring Issue)

"A mortal having realized through discrimination the subtle Self, rejoices because he has obtained that which is the Source of all joy." These words from the *Katha Upanishad* reveal the only way to real happiness, and as the disciple thinks of the joy, the bliss that radiated from the Swami's being with these, the words of another great religious book come to her mind. They are from the chapter on the "Wonderful Effect of Divine Love" in the *Imitation of Christ*: "He that loveth, flieth, runneth and rejoiceth; he is free and cannot be held in." Only these joyous, liberated souls can give the lessons in joy and in all the other qualities necessary for spiritual living that really take root and change the lives of others. And though the disciple still feels far from the perfect expression of the shining ideals that the Swami always held before them, she knows that his words on the morning of August 17th, and on countless occasions before and after, will continue to bear fruit because of what he was and what he awakened in the hearts of his "children."

He began as usual with the reading of the salient thought for the day from the *Book of Daily Thoughts and Prayers*:

Swami: We need joy for the expansion of our soul. We may wonder why in the lives of spiritual personages so much emphasis is laid on joy. Especially we find this to be true in the life of Sri Ramakrishna where peculiar emphasis is laid on the joyous spirit. Joy is a great safeguard against evil, and while I do not imagine any evil spirit is brooding over us here, still joy remains our safeguard. Any room that doesn't get the sun is apt to breed

sickness. Joy is like the sun; evil is a sickness. The radiance of the soul means exuberance, cheerfulness, wholeness and bliss.

(Swami reads poem)

*Thou art the root of this life-plant.
Not knowing the secret of its being,
It lifted its head to the light,
Spreading its limbs in space
As if eager for flight.
But earth held it firm to its root
While sun, rain and air,
By their unfailing care,
Brought it to ripening.*

Swami: Sometimes we forget where our life is rooted, or we think we shall gain freedom by severing ourselves from that root. But as the poem says, sun, rain, earth and all life's experiences bring us to ripening.

(Swami reads lesson)

We must make our life deep-rooted in God. When it is thus rooted, we can walk through life with smiling heart. The whole world is full of the Spirit of God. Sometimes we close our doors and nothing can penetrate. Our heart becomes barren and dry. Self-consciousness dries it up and attaches it to the finite. Everything becomes parched within us. Only as we open the door to the Divine, can we taste the sweetness of divine joy.

Swami: Think of these words; they are for reflection.

(Swami reads prayer)

*All-effulgent Spirit, may I make myself
open to Thy holy blessing.
Help me all through the day to walk in
Thy light with joyous heart.
May I seek my joy and my support in
Thee alone.*

*Do Thou enfold me with Thy loving and
abiding protection.*

Swami: In the morning the first thing is to pray with yearning spirit to have that openness, and then to retain it during the day.

You know there comes a moment in our spiritual consciousness when we cannot separate ourselves from anything. Everything in the world becomes one.

NOON

Swami: THAT is the Real. Let us fasten our hearts to that unchanging, infinite, all-abiding, all-beneficent, all-effulgent One, the Destroyer of darkness; Giver of peace, strength and inspiration.

May He open our sight of understanding that in every turn of life, in sitting, in walking, in talking, alone or in a crowd we may realize this truth—that He is ever with us, that He is all about us, above, below and on all sides, encircling us, permeating us and sustaining us. In this consciousness we are safe.

May He give us strength, wisdom, humility and steadfastness that we may retain this consciousness and rejoice in it.

(Swami reads from the *Dhammapada*)

Let each man direct himself first to what is proper, then let him teach others; thus a wise man will not suffer. If a man make himself as he teaches others to be, then, being himself well subdued, he may subdue others; for one's own self is difficult to subdue.

Swami: The idea of teaching, if we sum it up, if we try to understand its significance, means only one thing: that we become that which we uphold as our Ideal, and by becoming it, radiate it. Such radiation others can partake of. For instance, if we are restless and lack calmness of

spirit, we cannot teach another quietude and peace. We may quote to him from many books, we may try to show intellectually the necessity for these qualities, but unless we ourselves can be the living illustration, we shall never reach beneath the surface of his mind. That is why sometimes a man of true wisdom without a word can give us a lesson, while a less developed man, even when speaking, does not convey anything. If a minister preaches a sermon on overcoming anger and gives quotations from the Bible to support his text, you may accept it intellectually, but if later you see the same minister bursting out in anger, it will at once destroy the spirit of his words.

Therefore it was that Lord Buddha taught his followers, "Let each man direct himself first, then let him teach others." The only way we can benefit others is not by what theoretical knowledge we may extend, but by *being*. Do not think for a moment, however, that those others will be the only ones to benefit. It is something we need for ourselves, for our self-preservation and our self-expression. The best in us cannot come out, cannot manifest, until we make it possible. The avenues must be made clear. There may be an abundance of water in the reservoir, but if the pipe line is clogged, that water cannot flow. Same way, there is an infinite, unfailing spring of life within us, but if it is held back by our wrong thoughts, ignorance, selfishness and self-consciousness, it will avail us little.

It is not that the outside world is hampering us or trying to deprive us; we ourselves create the conditions which hold back the flow from that infinite Source of life, peace, strength and blessing. When we remove these conditions, then there comes the influx. Have you not seen how sometimes when this barrier of self is removed

from someone who has been struggling and suffering and full of discontent, he becomes a different person altogether? The whole picture changes.

Spiritual Truth is a revelation. It always is. It is not a question of belonging to one creed or another, or of subscribing to one faith or another, though this may give us a certain stimulus; the real saving grace is within us. It is not confined to any creed or faith. The reason we adore and worship—and we may legitimately do so—a great being, an exalted personage, with all the power of our heart, with all the enthusiasm of our soul, is because he brings us anew and afresh this realization. Anyone who brings to us the vivid, living radiance of God-consciousness, our indebtedness to him is unbounded. We can never repay what we receive from him. We can never repay. They are called the *Gurus*, these master-spirits who destroy the darkness of the soul.

Do not think that a person can really honor or worship Christ or a Christ-spirit, if he has aught against a follower of another religion. A Mohammedan, a Hindu, a Jew who has any grudge against a Christian or against anyone belonging to another religion, he may think he is saved because he is a follower of a great prophet or a great teacher, but he becomes his own destroyer. There is no "if" in this. We ought to understand that. The great Saviours all come to proclaim the power of love, tolerance, constructive living, true brotherhood, in order that all men may stand together and worship the same God, acclaim their homage to the same Deity. Anyone who rises up to disturb the balance is doing an awful thing; he is rather an enemy than a friend to the world.

We come now to an interesting passage in the *Dhammapada*, a rather unusual passage:

Self is the lord of self, who else could be the lord? With self well subdued a man finds a lord such as few can find.

Swami: It is unusual because the teaching of Buddha is often regarded as negative. You see Buddha speaks of getting away from the self, conquering self and rising above self-limitation, that is, attaining *Nirvana* — the quietude, the peace, the beatitude that passeth all understanding—, and often those who have not the vision that comes from true meditation think this must mean something morbid and negative. But here we see what I have often proclaimed to you, that all great Teachers, all that we think of as the great Lights of the world, point to the same end. Their expressions may be different, but if we refuse to quarrel over their words and try to get the gist, the substance of their meaning, we find that they all blend, all arrive at the same goal. Self, the little self, is the enemy of man, but realization of Self in its greater aspect becomes man's Saviour.

Let us think on these thoughts, these lofty ideals, and partake of them as much as we can. Let us partake naturally of that which will stimulate our inner nature and make us better human beings.

Let us pray, let us meditate, let us be well resolved that we may not be thwarted by small obstacles or be frightened because the Ideal seems so far away from our present state of mind.

Let us draw our strength from the Infinite Source—the unfailing Source. Let us be humble and true to ourselves and to our Ideal. May peace be unto us all!

Gurus can be had by hundreds, but good *chelas* (disciples) are very rare. —Sri Ramakrishna

REPORT

VISIT TO GERMANY, SWEDEN AND LONDON

As the guest of the Vedanta Society of Germany in Frankfurt am Main, Srimati Gayatri Devi delivered a number of public lectures on the following subjects: *Vedanta and Yoga*, *What is Yoga?* and *What is Vedanta?* in Frankfurt, Heidelberg and Stuttgart. Each of these meetings attracted a large audience, the one in Stuttgart comprising nearly five-hundred persons. Dr. Gunter Zuhlsdorf, the acting leader of the Society, presided on each occasion, and translated into German Gayatri Devi's addresses which were given in English.

There were also Sunday Services, the first one held at the Bahai Hall in Frankfurt, and the next in the Green Hall of the Marquart Hotel in Stuttgart. Gayatri Devi gave her last message to the Vedanta Society and its many friends in Frankfurt on May 24th. Her subject was *Devotion and Self-surrender*.

In Stuttgart on the afternoon of May 14th, Bharat Majlis, a group of resident Indians, held a reception for Gayatri Devi. She spoke on *Vedanta in the U.S.A.* and answered many questions about Vedanta Centres and Ashramas in America.

On the afternoon of May 15th, several members of the Vedanta Society escorted Gayatri Devi to *Heim de Liebe* (Home of Love) in a small town called Weißenbroun where a Christian community under the leadership of Lather Langen offered the group a royal welcome. In the chapel there Gayatri Devi conducted a religious Service.

Besides the large gatherings and Services there were many informal talks, and personal interviews which filled Gayatri Devi's time and revealed the deep appreciation

of the German friends for her visit and for the new life and inspiration it brought to the movement.

While in Stockholm, Sweden, for four days, Gayatri Devi, as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tord Angstrom, conducted a meeting each evening. Mrs. Angstrom has recently translated a small book entitled *Essence of Hinduism* by Swami Nikhilananda of New York.

During the ten hours pause before the transatlantic flight to the States, Gayatri Devi paid a visit to Shanti Sadan, where Dr. Hari Prasad Shastri, eminent scholar and Vedanta leader, and his associates gave the visitor the heartiest of welcomes.

VEDANTA CENTRE, ANANDA ASHRAMA
COHASSET AND BOSTON, MASS.

With Srimati Gayatri Devi's return from Europe on June 4th, the summer activities began to move in rapid pace. In Cohasset, Swami Paramananda's day of liberation was observed on June 21st with a special Service followed by a Hindu dinner. Afterwards greatly treasured motion pictures of the Swami were shown. Beginning July 3rd, Sunday Services were suspended in Boston, but the weekly evening class continued, the day being changed from Thursday to Wednesday.

Sunday Services became regular in Cohasset in July. The 4 o'clock Service was combined with the family worship, although it was open to the public.

July 4th was marked with three hours of silence in memory of Swami Vivekananda, and an Indian dinner and fellowship of devotees concluded the day.

The 26th anniversary of the Ashrama was the feature celebration in August observed on the 7th with much enthusiasm. At the morning Service Gayatri Devi spoke

on *In His Service*, later prepared a banquet for a large group, and shared the afternoon Service with several friends who paid spontaneous tributes to the work.

The South Shore Nature Club of South Hingham visited the Ashrama on August 10th. Gathered in the nature's sanctuary they listened eagerly to Gayatri Devi. *Nature's Place in Religion* was their chosen topic.

A Service was held on July 26th for Dr. Belle Barnard, a resident and devoted member of the Vedanta Centre for many years. As she had been ailing for some time her passing came as a blessed release.

In spite of Gayatri Devi's absence the work in east continues.

ANANDA ASHRAMA, LA CRESCENTA, CALIFORNIA

Summer at the California Centre was a quiet one. In spite of Sister Daya's failing health she continued to conduct Services including two moving Services observing Swami Paramananda's Memorial day on June 26th. Her subjects were: *Holy Remembrance* and *At His Feet*. In the afternoon several members added their tributes as well. The following Sunday, July 3rd, Swami Vivekananda was honored by the Sister's talk on *The Way of True Freedom*.

Mrs. Esther Orlander conducted Services on the first two Sundays in August. She was most heartily received by the congregation. The afternoon Service was discontinued for the Summer.

On August 19th, Srimati Gayatri Devi arrived in California to take charge of all Services.

On September 3rd, Sister Daya passed away. Memorial Services were conducted by Gayatri Devi on Tuesday morning, September 6th, in the Temple patio.

IN MEMORIAM

In the passing of Sister Daya, the Ananda Ashrama in La Crescenta and the Vedanta Centre of Cohasset and Boston, Massachusetts have suffered an irreparable loss. Consecrated as a religious sister and ordained as a minister in the year 1921, Sister Daya assisted Swami Paramananda, the founder of the three Centres, until 1940. Then at his sudden passing, the responsibility of the work at the Ananda Ashrama in the west fell upon her.

Although brilliant of mind and intellect, eloquent and inspired as a speaker, well versed in world religion and philosophy, Sister Daya never claimed to be a teacher. She served humbly as a chosen instrument in the hands of Sri Ramakrishna. Her magnetic and regal personality—humble, vital and extremely powerful—has been attracting countless souls to the shelter of the Most High. She has been an exemplary character, a mother-heart, a shining beacon, a saintly friend and spiritual counsellor. Untiring in her services, utterly bereft of self, she was always ready to give herself to all, especially to those who failed to arouse sympathy in the average person.

In thought, word and deed she fulfilled her name, *Daya*—compassion, for always it was her magnanimous, tender heart that guided her actions. By nature free and sociable, gay, with a sparkling sense of humor, a dreamer, a poet, an aesthete, but primarily a devotee, intense in her love of God, Guru, people, animals and all, she lived happily, shedding cheer and light on the path of her friends, followers and admirers. In death, now united with the Lord, she continues to bless all as a living spirit.

With Sister Daya's release from mortal life *The Message of the East* is without its able editor of the past fifteen years. The next issue will be dedicated to her memory.